

Mediterranean Waters

Steven Delopoulos

Sunny diamonds, yeah, yeah, Italian gold
Mediterranean waters, these images are sold
French beauties, crisp wine
Chinese sun is rising, images of time...

I'm just trying, try
Maybe someday I could fly
Looking down at the cold cold city
The calm cool skies
And the bird are humming their rhymes
And the creeps are planning their crimes
The graffiti walls standing tall
And the church is waiting for God's big sign

And the waxed up streets are skated on
Everyone's crying their newest song
My eye lens is spit on
Waiting for that fire to burn

Light us up
Light us up
Wherever you are
Gasoline and matches
Lost my cloud
My clear heaven stars
Burns, bruises, scratches

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Maybe someday I could fly
Looking down at the cold cold city
The calm cool skies
And the bird are humming their rhymes
And the creeps are planning their crimes
The graffiti walls standing tall
And the church is waiting for God's big sign

Maybe someday as I walk through the fog and trees
I'll continue to fight
There they stand with open arms
Guiding me towards the perfect light
Guiding me towards the perfect light
Guiding me towards the perfect light

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Looking down at the cold cold city
The calm cool skies
And the bird are humming their rhymes
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The graffiti walls standing tall
And the church is waiting for God's big sign
(2x)

The church is waitin' for God's big sign...